

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

[NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.]

Vol. II.

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DIDACTIC ESSAYS.

ON PHILOSOPHICAL TRUTH.

FROM DRAKE'S INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.

[Concluded.]

"Another obstacle to the discovery of truth is impatience. Patience, which is not a greater virtue in morals than in science, has been brought into disrepute chiefly by the sect of philosophers which I have just described,—if they indeed can be called a sect, who unfortunately are never embodied, but contaminate all others. It is difficult to bring patience into favour and fashion. Being very commonly an attribute of inquisitive dulness, but few persons of lively faculties have courage to practise it, lest they should be suspected of belonging to that class,—in which no human being ever yet enrolled himself without a struggle. For myself, I am conscious of sufficient dulness to render the practice of patience necessary; and yet claim sagacity enough to perceive, that even the brightest cannot dispense with it. The highest eulogy that could be pronounced upon patience of research, is that it constitutes the great secret of that success which men of inferior minds so often attain. It *must* then be a powerful auxiliary; and why should *any* man reject its assistance? To say that strength of intellect can render it unnecessary, is not true, unless that intellect be employed upon *inferior* objects; and genius should condescend to dispute with stupidity, for the subjects of investigation which legitimately belong to the latter. When in his *own* elevated sphere, the ablest philosopher, either physical or moral, will find patience essential to the developement of truth. Nature is not an oracle of Delphi, to be bribed or flattered or intimidated into responses. Her severe majesty requires that she should be interrogated in candour, and listened to with meekness. Even when thus besought, her replies may not always be as prompt and explicit as we could desire; but they can never be interested or erroneous.

At the risk of being considered tedious, I must appropriate some additional moments to one of the modifications of this branch of our subject. There are students intrinsically industrious and patient in the exer-

cise of their *mental* faculties, who have nevertheless a fastidiousness in regard to manual labour, (especially what is unpleasant) which materially interferes with the discovery and ascertainment of truth in the physical sciences. Let us pause and inquire what those sciences are. Anatomy and Physiology;—Surgery, Clinical Medicine and Materia Medica;—Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geography and Geology;—Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Meteorology and Astronomy;—Mechanics; the various branches of practical Mathematics; and the Chemical, Mechanical and Fine Arts,—are in fact but a part of them. Physical science, indeed, is the science of material nature; and comprises, as its own proper objects, not only this globe and every thing animate and inanimate, natural and artificial within its bowels, or spread over its surface, with all which constitute or inhabit its atmosphere;—but also the boundless system of celestial bodies, which as suns, and planets, and satellites, and comets, enliven the dark and dreary regions of infinite space. Now let imagination trace on the tablet of your mind, a chart of the material objects to which I have referred; and then contemplate their number, variety and analogies; their relative positions; their individual nature and character; their varied uses; their attractions and repulsions; their dependencies upon each other; and the influence which man exerts on them, and they on him;—and you will be prepared to estimate the amount and value of your remaining attainments, if a knowledge of Matter were expunged from your understanding. In reality, I am proposing an impossible case; for material nature is the foundation of all our knowledge; and, in proportion, as we neglect the study of *things*, science becomes uncertain and unsubstantial;—speculation supersedes experiment;—hypothesis replaces theory; and syllogisms usurp the office of induction.

Your proper business then, is with material objects, and these must be examined by your organs of sense to be understood. If this examination be reluctant and superficial it must be imperfect; if you come to it in a spirit of fastidiousness, and shrink from the necessary exertion, because you may have been unaccustomed to work, or because some parts of that which should be

done, are unpleasant, or offensive to your habits,—you will seldom reach the truth in your inquiries. If you suppose, that, not having been compelled to labour for your daily bread, you may leave the drudgery of science to hands already soiled in the field, or hardened in the workshop; or, that you may at all events screen yourselves from every labour not compatible with elegant costume, and befitting young gentlemen of fortune and fashion,—you must at last be disappointed in your hopes; and mortified to see him whom habits of toil, and resolute application, have prepared to encounter and vanquish every obstacle,—stretch immeasurably before you, in the race of emulation and glory.

In the pursuit of physical truth, an examination of the objects of nature is the first and greatest work; and he who brings into this investigation the most manual dexterity, the greatest selfdependence and unwearied industry, with the best command of his feelings, in relation to scenes and objects often repulsive, and sometimes loathsome, will, *ceteris paribus*, be most successful in his researches. It is a prevalent and fatal error to suppose, that the labours of the philosopher or physician, are chiefly intellectual, or, at most, that he may view nature from select positions; and acquire all necessary knowledge, by perspective views. A much closer intimacy is requisite to a full acquaintance. Read the biography of the greatest men who have adorned the profession or dignified the human race, and you will find them as remarkable for their physical as intellectual labour. The former directed to the objects of their ambition supplied the pabulum by which the latter was cherished. Such is the order of nature; and, as you prize truth and reputation, do not depart from it.

Pride is a stubborn obstacle to the discovery and reception of truth. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, unless ye become as little children, ye can in nowise enter the kingdom of Heaven." Meekness of spirit is scarcely a more necessary predisposition for the reception of divine than scientific truth. The self-sufficient man feels scandalized to have it said that he must stoop to perceive the truth. He knows not what his deficiencies require. When he contemplates himself, it is rather to admire his

perfections, than to correct his defects. He views the former with a mote, the latter with a beam, in his mind's eye. He possesses a mirror which reflects the beauties of his character; and, should it for a moment become true to nature, he turns from the unwelcome glimpse of his deformities, as from things to be concealed and forgotten—not cast out. To expose them to society would mortify him still more. He is even reluctant to display his improvements, as they would imply previous defects; and approximate him in character to mortals of a common mould. A student of this stamp often prefers to remain ignorant, rather than appear deficient;—but it is in advanced life that pride interferes most fatally with improvement. In youth, vanity sometimes tempers this passion; but in process of time, it is apt to subdue every opposing influence; and, becoming fortified by habit, governs the character of the individual, in the spirit of a tyrant. Hence the obstinate perseverance in old errors;—the contemptuous sneering at new discoveries, and inventions;—the dogmatical assertions, and the real or affected scepticism, which so often detract from the dignity of old age, in physicians, and surgeons, otherwise estimable; and prevent the dissemination of new truths. I know of no cure for this fungus hæmatodes of the mind when its roots have shot deeply; but in youth it may be eradicated, and happy will he be, who is not too proud to apply the remedy.”

The author next discusses the evils of excessive deference for Authority; and, of a Defective love of truth;—and describes the unhappy encroachments of the latter as follows:

“This imposture—not often detected—is still more seldom frowned upon, by the hoodwinked community whose unreasonable demands have invited it; and, as impunity promotes the repetition of crime, one imposition follows another, till the love of truth falls gradually into ruins; and the heart, once honest and open, is polluted with the principles of a criminal selfishness. The guileless lineaments of unperverted nature, are now exchanged for the studied and ambiguous imitations of art; and the question no longer is, what does truth require; but what will best administer to the insatiable cravings of self-interest—and where lie the moral limits, which cannot be stepped over without injury of reputation? Mark the practitioner who has thus degenerated, and you will no longer perceive in him any sacred veneration for professional truth. If he purchases books, it is rather to appear learned than to become so; and when he reads, it is more to extend his notoriety than his knowledge. He may not *purposely* avoid the truth; but he no more trims his midnight lamp, and diligently compares the recorded observations of others, with

his own, made through the day; he relaxes in his efforts to note down the facts which fall under his own observation; or, what is more criminal, suppresses or perverts them to suit his prejudices, or display his conduct and character in a favourable aspect.—In his practice, he often omits the performance of duties, because they may be servile or troublesome; when by such omission, the truth cannot be ascertained, nor his patient treated with success. In cases of extreme danger he will neglect the investigations that are indispensable to a true understanding of the situation of the sick; and occupy himself on the means of satisfying those interested in the result, that he has done all that *could* be done, if not all that the case required. He magnifies the danger thro’ which those have passed, who appeared to be seriously ill, when they were not; and thus expects to balance the account of profit and loss, when a patient dies whom he ought to have saved. In the application of remedies he yields to prejudices and apprehensions which it is his duty to encounter and overcome; and neglects the use of means which are necessary to the safety of his patient,—lest censure should follow their unsuccessful employment. When required to confer with another physician, he looks more to the preservation or extension of his fame, than the life of the patient, now doubly jeopardized by the disease and the consultation. If the attending physician, he makes false or imperfect statements—adding or subtracting those parts of the past treatment, which might, as he fears, convict him of error; if the consulting physician, to acquire a name for professional liberality, he sanctions, with criminal courtesy, whatever has been done, and recommends its continuance; or rejecting the whole, aims, like a cannibal, to fatten his popularity upon the despoiled reputation of an able, but artless associate. Finally, should he at any time attempt to lay before the profession the results of his experience, he writes as certain artists paint, merely for effect. Looking to an extension of his popularity, more than the dissemination of truth; and captivated by the prospect of temporary applause, rather than the hope of future fame; his histories are not correct transcripts even of his experience, but resemble caricatures, which strike the vulgar by the disproportion of their parts, and the unnatural depth of their lights and shadows. Were they equally harmless, it would be happy for mankind; but unfortunately they are poison cast into the fountain, and before its waters can purify themselves, hundreds may drink and die.”

But we find it impracticable to make room for the whole; and must therefore hasten to the closing appeal of the professor.

“Finally, I beseech you, as you value the pleasures of sound intellection;—the ap-

plause of your teachers,—to which, I trust, they will never render you indifferent,—the character of our University, labouring to deserve the confidence of the West;—the approval of anxious parents,—one of the highest motives which can sway the youthful bosom;—the praises of the good and great;—the peace of a quiet conscience, and the approbation of HEAVEN itself—in-voke the spirit of UNIVERSAL TRUTH, and commend yourselves to its guidance!”

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

Address of Chief Justice MARSHALL to General LA FAYETTE, at Richmond, Virginia.

GENERAL: The surviving officers of the revolutionary army, who are inhabitants of the state of Virginia, welcome you to this metropolis with feelings which your own heart will best tell you how to estimate.—We have been the more gratified by the offering of respect and affection from a whole people, spontaneously flowing from sincere gratitude for inestimable services, and a deep sense of your worth, because we believe that to a mind like yours, they will compensate for the privations you sustain, and the hardships and fatigues you have encountered in re-visiting our country.—So long as Americans remember that noble struggle, which drew you first to our shores, that deep gloom which overshadowed their cause when you embraced it, they cannot forget the prompt, the generous and gallant, and the important part you took in the conflict.

The history of your eventful life attests the sublime motive which enlisted you on the side of a people contending for liberty; but we love to believe that feelings of a softer and more endearing character were soon mingled with that exalted principle. We delight to consider this visit as furnishing additional evidence, that the sentiments we felt and manifested towards you sunk deep into your heart, and were greeted by kindred feelings; that as America has always regarded you as one of the best and bravest of her sons, you have never ceased to regard her as a second country, ranking in your affections next to that which gave you birth.

In common with our fellow citizens throughout the United States, we rejoice to see you. With them we review your various and valuable services to our infant republics, and your unceasing devotion to liberty; and find in the retrospect the same reasons to excite our gratitude and esteem which excite those sentiments in them; but in one part of your life we claim an interest peculiar to ourselves.

We look back with mingled gratitude and applause to the period of our revolutionary war, when the supreme command in Virginia was conferred on you. We re-

trace your conduct through those trying scenes. We recollect the difficulties you encountered, and the dangers which threatened us. We remember the skill, the patient fortitude, the persevering courage, with which you conducted us through these difficulties, and extricated yourself and us from those dangers.

At the head of an undisciplined and ill-armed militia, supported only by a small band of regulars, who kept the open field in the face of a numerous, well-appointed and high-spirited army, you protected our scanty magazines, covered a great portion of our country, sustained the hopes and the confidence of our people, and without sustaining any serious disaster, pressed the rear of the hostile army in its retreat to the ground on which its expiring effort was made.

It is your praise, during this arduous and trying conduct for Virginia, to have so happily tempered the enterprising courage of youth with the caution and prudence which belong to riper years, that you performed every practicable service without sustaining any serious disaster, and preserved your army entire for the great achievement which not only liberated Virginia, but accomplished the independence of the United States.

The distinguished part you bore in the last and glorious scene is indelibly impressed in the memory of all Virginians. In the bosom of none is it more deeply engraved than in those of the men who stand before you. Some of us served under you in that memorable campaign; many in the course of the war. While duty required obedience, your conduct inspired confidence and love. Time, which has thinned our ranks and enfeebled our bodies, has not impaired these feelings. They retain their original vigor.

These expressions flow from hearts replete with sentiments of affection for your person, esteem for your character, and gratitude for your services. They will continue to animate us long after we shall have parted with you—we are unwilling to add—for ever! Under their influence we supplicate the Supreme Author of all good to extend to you his protection, and to make the evening of your life as serene, tranquil and happy, as its morning was glorious.

We subjoin the following interesting remarks, delivered by Mr. MADISON, on his being toasted at the dinner given to Gen. La Fayette, in Orange County, Virginia.

I am very thankful, my friends and fellow citizens, for the token of regard you have given me. It is peculiarly valuable as coming from those in the midst of whom I have lived, and for whom I have such sincere respect. I cannot, however, disguise

from myself that your partiality greatly overrates my public services. But I am justified in saying, that you cannot overrate the intentions with which they were rendered, such as they may have been, or my gratitude to my country for the honorable trusts it conferred on me. Nor ought I to withhold the expression of my particular gratitude to the worthy citizens of the county of Orange. Their suffrages introduced me into the public career which occupied so great a portion of my life, and in every stage of which I experienced from them all the kindness and support I could hope for or desire.

But how can I speak of gratitude, without being reminded, by the occasion, of what we all owe, of what the nation itself owes, to its great benefactor, whom we are gratified with having now for our guest? Besides those signal and critical services which are most known to the world, and which call for every proof of gratitude which our country can give, he has endeared himself by his persevering devotion to the great principles of our Revolution, and by his zeal, truly American, in maintaining our rights, our honor, and our interests, as a free and independent people. In his absence I could say much, which I cannot trust my feelings to utter in his presence. But, were he absent, I could not say more than would be due, nor more than I am sure would be echoed by every heart present.

THE MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT IN AMERICA.

Our country has complained, often and justly, of being misrepresented by vulgar and ill-bred foreigners, who had no access to proper means of information as to our real character, and who if they had such access, could not have AVAILED themselves of it to any judicious purpose. It is, therefore, a matter of real congratulation, that four young Englishmen, of undoubted respectability—three of them members of the House of Commons—all of them men of education, of good manners, and good sense, should have resolved to come and inform themselves as to the condition and character of America. These gentlemen, no doubt, are too polite to say a great deal hereafter of the dark shades they may observe in the picture. They have not come among us to pick up materials for an octave of slander and ribaldry; nor to turn our hospitality into farce, on the London stage. Neither can we suppose that what favorable impressions they may form are to be thrown into an opposite kind of work. But we may expect that they will carry into the highest orders of English society, and into parliament, what never came there before, correct notions of America, formed by intelligent men, from personal observation.

Mr. Stanly is the grandson, and will in the course of nature be the successor, of the Earl of Derby. His father, Lord Stanly, is a Member of the House of Commons, we believe, for Lancashire, and Mr. Stanly being a member for the borough of Preston, the family presents the singular example of three generations being at the same time in Parliament. Mr. Stanly, though scarce 27 years of age, has, as a member of the House of Commons, already given proof of the highest talents, both for business and debate; and is regarded as inferior in promise to no man of his time in England.

Mr. Wortley is the member for Bossiny, a small borough in the county of Cornwall, under the influence of the Earl of Mount Edgcombe and Mr. Stuart Wortley, himself one of the county members for Yorkshire, and father to Mr. Wortley, now travelling in this country. Mr. Dennison is a member of the House, and a brother-in-law of the Speaker. Mr. Labouchers is the son of a gentleman well known as one of the house of the Barings. We are much pleased to understand, that before he left Boston, he purchased, for the liberal price of twelve hundred dollars, the beautiful picture of the Desert, one of the most admirable creations of Mr. Alston's fine genius.

We understand that these four young gentlemen, who are visiting our country as fellow-travellers, were fellow-students at Oxford. Presenting themselves, as they do, with the plain, unassuming manners of real gentleman, we hope they will every where meet a cordial and hospitable reception, and be treated with the kindness to which their characters and objects so amply entitle them.—*Bost. Daily Adv.*

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—Now that the Presidential Election is over, (at least so far as the great mass of the people can have any concern in the affair) it is time to think of other matters.—Not that every thing else has been by all neglected in the heat of political discussion, but it is strictly true, that many things have been forgotten and overlooked, and great changes wrought in many respects by this contest. Although the choice of a President was an interesting subject, yet there are many others equally interesting, and more immediately affecting the interests of the people at large. The discussion which has grown out of this subject has, perhaps, manifested to many, who have heretofore thought too little on the subject, the great advantage and convenience of education. Many men of naturally sound mind and vigorous intellect find themselves devoid of information with regard to the ordinary topics of the day, from the want of education. On such occasions, they experience the mortification of seeing their natural inferiors rise above them in apparent knowledge. Let it then stimulate such persons to EDUCATE THEIR CHILDREN. Education is wealth—talent is power, in a free government. Of the four distinguished characters, who fill so large a space in the public eye, THREE, at least, have risen from obscurity, and sprung from the humble walks of private life—their parents poor, themselves unprovided for, except by natural abilities and native energies. What youth, then, in all our country, is too humble to aspire to the highest eminence on the pinnacle of fame; the most elevated seat in the government of our country!—*Nashville Whig.*

THE PILOT.

The following very handsome notice of Mr. Cooper's last novel, the *Pilot*, is copied from the last number received of the Edinburgh Scotsman. It is as just as it is liberal.

Character of Cooper, the American Novelist.—We have long fixed our eyes on America as the refuge and conservatory of all those principles and institutions which are truly valuable, and which, under the name of Liberty, comprehend the right of a free and fair exertion of all the faculties and powers of man, the absence of all fettering restrictions on industry and talent, equal privileges of thought and action to all, and protection in the fullest extent to property of every description. Believing that all this is substantially realized in the United States, we cannot avoid taking a deep interest in every thing which tends to generate a binding national spirit in their citizens, and to waken in them a well-grounded pride to their own feats, as well as in their own institutions. And this is manifestly one of the objects nearest to the heart of our author. Washington Irving, it must be allowed, has written what will please every where: but failing to perceive or appreciate the high destinies of his country, he has flattered the prejudices of Europe; while Cooper, in the *Spy* and the *Pilot*, on grounds equally patriotic and magnanimous, has been rousing the just pride and best energies of America. In his former work, he recorded some of her glories by land; in the present he has characterized that skill and resolution from which her future glories are to be derived at sea. Smollet had been at sea; but Cooper is body and spirit a sailor. The ocean is truly his element,—the deck his home. He confers reality on his descriptions. We hear the roar of the waves—the splash of the oars—the hoarse language of the seamen. We see the waters—the ships—the manning of the yards—the heaving of the lead—the very cordage of the vessels, every moment—from that of the tacking of the frigate to the launching of the whale boat—is visible to our eyes, and we actually take part in the proceedings and conversations of the crew. They are all, heart and soul, devoted to their profession and their country. Every thing is done nautically. The descriptions of the vessels—of their various manœuvres—of the sunrise in the German ocean—of, we might say, every sea scene in the novel, are excellent; but the piloting of the frigate through the breakers and shoals at midnight—the wrecking of the *Ariel*—the fierce sea-fights, and above all, perhaps, the last hours of the gun-captain and cockswain, Long Tom, and the Sailing Master, Boltrope—are given with a truth and force, and generate such a breathless interest, that De Foe himself, is, in some respects, thrown at a distance by

our author. Yet nothing is overwrought. Instead of obvious straining, an air of rough freedom—sometimes approaching, but never, we think, amounting to coarseness—is thrown over the whole; but under all this apparent ease, a responsibility may be traced so deep, as if the honor of an infant republic, in her first struggles with the gigantic and confident power of Old Empire, depended on the exertions of every individual. The bravery and skill of New England, however, are not under-rated; and superiority in the Americans is ascribed to fortune, and their sense of the cause in which they are engaged. The characters, generally speaking, are admirably brought out. Those of Long Tom, and Boltrope are unrivalled. Barnstable—in his attachment to the *Ariel* and her crew, in particular, is also excellent; and in Griffiths, and perhaps still more in the mysterious *Pilot*, Paul Jones, the author displays great skill and power. There is, indeed, genuine talents throughout; and although a fastidious taste may find something to carp at, the reader who cannot relish these volumes, is either the slave of authority, or wants the qualities which enable others to appreciate what under the impulse of genius, is perceived by an unsophisticated head, and poured out from an open, manly, and generous heart.

THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Editor: The following is a brief Statistical View of the United States. Being somewhat interested in matters of this description, and having devoted much time to the subject, I present it you for publication.

A view of the present resources and condition of the United States is here presented, which must be interesting to every person, on account of the unprecedented accumulation of her wealth and population. The American government exercises dominion over a country more extensive, and one that will support more inhabitants than any other nation upon earth. The Sun is four hours in its passage from the time it first shines upon the Eastern shores of Maine until it strikes our waters on the Pacific: It is about four months in passing through the latitudes of the United States, in her northern and southern declination, embracing six varieties of climates. The United States contain twelve hundred millions acres of land, of which we may calculate that one fifteenth part is cultivated.—Estimating, then, the improved land at ten dollars per acre, reckoning it at eighty millions acres, it amounts to eight hundred millions dollars; and the unimproved land at three dollars per acre, will amount to the sum of three thousand three hundred and sixty millions dollars, which makes, in the whole, for the landed wealth, four thousand, one hundred and sixty millions of

dollars. The live stock, consisting of cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs, will, calculating the cattle at one hundred and twenty millions dollars, the horses at one hundred millions, and the sheep and hogs at eighty millions more, produce an aggregate of three hundred millions dollars; two millions of buildings make, at four hundred dollars each, eight hundred millions dollars. The whole of the exports of the U. S. are seventy-four millions—of the imports, seven millions—tonnage, in foreign and coasting trade, one million two hundred thousand tons. The commerce of the United States is extended over the whole world; from the barren coasts of Labrador, to New Holland, the South Sea Islands, China, India, the continents of Africa and Europe—from the northwest region of America to the isles in the Pacific, Cape Horn, and the West Indies.

The capital invested in banks, insurances, government stock, manufactures, roads, canals, and loans, exceed eight hundred millions of dollars; that invested in foreign and domestic trade, five hundred millions, which, with the former eight hundred millions, together with slaves, furniture, and implements of husbandry, will equal the sum of two hundred millions.

The produce of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, professional business, labor, and revenues, makes five hundred millions; and the whole amount of national wealth, eight thousand seven hundred and sixty millions of dollars!

The population of the United States is now twelve millions; which, with the rate of increase for the past, will double in 23 years. In 1843, the population will be twenty millions. In 1866, thirty-six millions. In 1890, seventy-two millions.—There is now, to every hundred acres of land, one person; and when the population amounts to seventy-two millions, there will be two souls to every hundred, which will be in the whole just equal to the present population of Massachusetts.

[It has been said an acre of ground will furnish food for one person.]—*Ver. Aurora.*

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY.

Abridgment.—Any thing contracted into a small compass; such, for instance, as the Abridgment of the Statutes, in fifty volumes folio.

Absurdity.—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

Accomplishments.—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing master, music master, mantua maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

Advice.—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, at

though it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

Alderman.—A ventri-potential citizen, in-to whose Mediterranean mouth good things are perpetually flowing, although none come out.

Babies.—Noisy lactivorous animalculæ, much desiderated by those who never had any.

Bachelor.—Plausibly derived by Junius from the Greek word for foolish, and by Spelman from Baculus, a cudgel, because he deserves it. An useless appendage of society: a poltroon, who is afraid to marry lest his wife should become his mistress, and generally finishes by converting his mistress into a wife.

Backward.—A mode of advancement practised by Crabs, and recommended to mankind in general by the Holy Alliance.

Bait.—One animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

Baker.—One who gets his own bread by adulterating that of others.

Ball.—An assembly for the ostensible purpose of dancing, where the old ladies shuffle and cut against one another for money, and the young ones do the same for husbands.

Bed.—An article in which we are born and pass the happiest portion of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

Beer, Small.—See Water.

Bellman's Verses.—See Vision of Judgment.

Benefit of the Clergy.—See Tithes.

Bishop.—The only thing that gains by a translation.

Blank.—See every lottery ticket bought by yourself or friend.

Body.—That portion of our system which receives the chief attention of Messrs. Somebody, Anybody, and Everybody, while Nobody cares for the soul.

Bonnet.—An article of dress much used by fashionable females for carrying a head in.

Book.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

Chicane.—See Law.

Cousin.—A periodical bore from the country, who, because you happen to have some of his blood, thinks he may inflict the whole of his body upon you during his stay in town.

Critic.—One who is incapable of writing books himself, and therefore contents himself with condemning those of others.

London Pap.

WEIGHT OF AIR.

The following is furnished by a friend, on the accuracy of whose statements we can rely, and to whom we should like to be indebted for further communications. The result of these experiments seems to settle

a question about which the learned have disputed so long.

I had lately an opportunity in crossing the Atlantic, to make some experiments, with a view to satisfy myself as to the alleged fact, that water will force itself through the sides of an empty bottle, when sunk deep in the ocean. The result is at the service of the Mirror.

In the first place, I sunk to the depth of 120 fathoms, an empty porter bottle, stopped with a strong cork, and sealed with wax. It was drawn up full of water, the cork unmoved, but the wax was evidently cracked. I noticed that considerable water flowed out in small bubbles through the seal. I believe it was a similar phenomenon which led Mr. Perkins to infer the compressibility of water.

I then prepared two strong phials and three bottles, and sunk them together to a depth of 120 fathoms.

1. A phial with a ground glass stopper, sealed with wax, came up with about a spoonfull of water in it.

2. A square thick phial, with a lead stopper, sealed with wax, was broken by the pressure of the water.

3. A porter-bottle, with a lead stopper, sealed with wax, came up with about a gill of water in it.

4. A porter-bottle, with a pine stopper, carefully adapted and driven in, and the neck covered with a light cap of sheet lead, and sealed with wax, came up perfectly empty.

This experiment demonstrates the error of the supposition that the water will force itself thro' the sides of the bottle, and leads to the inference that, in the preceding experiments, as well as in those upon which the supposition has been grounded, the water was forced through some imperfection in the seal of the bottle.

5. The fifth bottle was filled with fresh water, and strongly stopped with a cork. To my astonishment, it came up filled with sea water! This result must have arisen from the difference of specific gravity between fresh and salt water.

Connecticut Mirror.

From Silliman's Journal.

MERMAID.

Extract from the log book of the ship Leonidas, sailing from New York towards Havre, Asa Swift, master, May, 1817. Lat. 44 deg. 6 min. N.

First part of the day, light, variable winds and cloudy. At 2 P. M. on the lar-board quarter, at the distance of about half the ship's length, saw a strange fish.—Its lower parts were like a fish; its belly was all white; the top of the back brown, and there was the appearance of short hair as far as the top of its head. From the breast upwards, it had a near resemblance

to a human being, and looked upon the observers very earnestly. As it was but a short distance from the ship, all the afternoon, we had a good opportunity to observe its motions and shape. No one on board ever saw the like fish before; all believe it to be a Mermaid.

The second mate, Mr. Stephens, an intelligent young man, told me the face was nearly white, and exactly like that of a human person; that its arms were about half as long as his, with hands resembling his own; that it stood erect out of the water about two feet, looking at the ship and sails with great earnestness. It would remain in this attitude, close along side, ten or fifteen minutes at a time, and then would dive and appear on the other side. It remained around them about six hours. Mr. Stevens also stated that its hair was black on the head, and exactly resembled a man's; that below the arms it was a perfect fish in form; and that the whole length from the head to the tail was about five feet.

Communicated by Mr. Elisha Lewis, of New Haven, a respectable merchant.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

From the London Magazine for October.

Jonathan in England.—Mr. Mathews has, at length, with the courage of a traveller, who has resolved never to revisit the country of which he speaks, given a loose to his humor about the Americans; and we are no longer taught to believe that, on the other side of the Atlantic, all is constancy, generosity, and hospitality. Either our imitable actor in his original sketch meditated a second trip to the Land of Liberty, and was therefore, tender in touching too roughly on the frailties of his friends, or else he was under the restraint of some American intimate or visitor, whose natural prejudices were to be consulted, and whose home feelings were to be studied.—Very certain it is, that Mr. M. was upon his good behaviour in his first narration of his adventures in Boston and New York; and we English, old and new, were repeatedly admonished to love each other, and to cherish mutual kindness, as though the actor were fearful lest he should, by some unhappy slip of the tongue, set the two countries together by the ears. The time, however, has now arrived when Mr. Mathews is "a pretty damned deal" less particular about the nice feelings of the Yankees. And whether it is that he has abandoned all intentions of again crossing the Atlantic, or whether he has lost the quelling spirit that sat *night-mareing* his humour, is of little consequence to an English audience: the change is for the better—and Jonathan in England is as unvarnished a caricature of the impudence, stubbornness, and freedom, of a Yankee, as a lover of the ridiculous would desire to see.

THE CINCINNATI
LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1824.

La Fayette.

We have copied into our columns, to day, the Address of Chief Justice MARSHALL to one of the last surviving Generals of our Revolutionary army;—and do not doubt that every patriotic bosom will echo the sentiments expressed by the venerable orator, in greeting the return of the virtuous La Fayette to the shores of that Republic, whose freedom he so essentially contributed,—under HEAVEN, and Washington,—to establish.

His recent visits to *Mount Vernon*—*Monticello*—and *Montpelier*,—must have possessed an interest partaking even of intellectual sublimity:—and his approaching interview with the Congress at whose invitation he has revisited the land of his adoption, and the scenes of his earliest and noblest exploits,—is calculated to awaken some of the finest feelings of which our nature is susceptible.

From all that has been published in relation to his movements, it is probable he will proceed this winter, from the Southern States to New Orleans;—and reach Cincinnati (through Tennessee and Kentucky) in the spring. Let him come soon or late, however, (for he *will not* depart without visiting this interesting portion of the American Empire,)—and, although we cannot pretend, nor will he desire us, to vie with our sister cities in the East, in the expensive splendour of his reception;—yet, we can safely count upon thousands of patriotic Backwoodsmen, to whom it will afford the highest gratification to welcome him with open arms, and grateful bosoms, to the fertile shores of the Ohio;—who stand ready to offer their spontaneous and eager homage to that untitled *Nobility of Virtue*,—of which his eventful life has been so illustrious an example.

In whatever light, indeed, this National Visit may be viewed, it is calculated to inspire the patriot with the most cheering hopes for the future:—since that country must needs be rich in spirits of *kindred worth*, whose citizens thus *unanimously* concur in ardent manifestations of gratitude & affection for one who, in his youth, so nobly assisted in the establishment of those principles of Free government, of which he has during his whole career, been a firm and consistent advocate.

We are gratified to observe, in various quarters, the indications of a general wish that Congress may perform some act of National Munificence towards this war-worn veteran and philanthropist,—calculated to induce him to spend his remaining days

near the tomb of his revered friend, at *Mount Vernon*.—yet ensuring him all the comforts of life, in the event of his returning to the land of his fathers:—And, we know not how our national government could perform an act which would diffuse more general satisfaction throughout AMERICA, than that which shall thus give competence to her adopted and favourite son,—a Hero, who, in the cause of Freedom and Humanity, has braved the sacrifice of every thing but *Principle*, at the shrine of Patriotism.

TAX SALES.

Those interested in Illinois lands on which the taxes for 1823 remain unpaid, are reminded that the Collector's Sale will take place at Vandalia, on the 1st of next month, (Jan'y, 1825)—and consequently, that they should lose no time in forwarding the amount annexed to their respective tracts, on the Schedule of delinquencies—which may be seen at the office of the National Republican, and of Mr. Chancellor HUNT, who has been in the habit, for several years past, of acting as Agent in relation to all matters connected with Western lands.

Since we are on the subject of taxes,—we must enter our decided protest, however feeble, against the odious—not to say iniquitous—tax law of the state of OHIO: a law which is an outrage on the rights and interests of civilized society;—and calculated alike to bring ruin on the careless or mistaken landholder,—and infamy upon his speculating oppressor:—for no *honest* man can insist on holding another's property when he has not paid $\frac{1}{20}$ th of its value;—and yet many who have passed for such, (and might, but for this legal seduction to villainy, have continued so,)—are led to wrest their hard-earned property from the ignorant or the absent,—unless redeemed by the payment of eight or ten times the amount which was advanced for it!—and this too, by a state which affects to frown upon the exaction of *usurious* interest! Surely, such a rigorous law is no more *necessary* to ensure the collection of taxes in Ohio than in other states,—where the proprietor is always allowed 1 or 2 years for the redemption of his lost estate,—on tendering to the purchaser, or the county clerk, 100 per cent. per annum, with the amount advanced. This, with the contingent forfeiture at the end of a year, would always afford sufficient inducement, for those disposed to purchase,—and sufficient time for the owner to learn the extent of his danger:—And as, we know these sentiments to be general, we trust the existing law will no longer be suffered to disgrace our statute book.

THE FOREIGNERS.

The following courteous epistle came to hand, through the medium of the post-office, on Tuesday last.

To the Editors of the "*Literary Gazette*" published at Cincinnati.

GENTLEMEN,

Being desirous of visiting New Orleans without delay & taking the usual route by Stage & Steam Boat from the Eastward—we stopt a short time at Cincinnati to accommodate ourselves to the ultimate conveyance—we therefore bro't no letters, made no acquaintances & proceeded a opportunity offered

During our stay at Louisville we saw a notice, in your Paper in reference to ourselves that displayed in the writer no traits or feeling of the Gentleman—We did hope not to be publicly insulted

We request this to be inserted in your next paper—

"The four or five distinguished Foreigners."

Louisville Dec. 3. 1824

A request so excessively modest as that of desiring a person to publish to the world that he has "displayed no traits or feeling of the Gentleman," is so characteristic of certain British travellers who have passed through our country, and have published most *uncertain* accounts of their travels, when they got home;—and is withal so perfectly reasonable and proper, that we cannot think of refusing to comply with it.—Another characteristic, which has frequently been observed in sundry Europeans who have done us the honor of paying flying visits to America,—is a vehement *anxiety to be insulted*; and, from the sensitiveness of these "four or five distinguished Foreigners," we must imagine them possessed of similar propensities,—else they could hardly have been so sorely troubled at the very harmless paragraph in our paper of the 27th ult. The right of abusing the inhabitants of all countries but their own, has also been claimed by English travellers as their peculiar privilege,—and few have been sparing in its exercise. Like the dominion of the sea, it seems, indeed, a province in which they can endure 'no rival near the throne':—and we sincerely hope (though somewhat despairingly) that the passion into which these gentlemen have wrought themselves at our thoughtless merriment, may not be vented on the unoffending heads of our fellow-citizens,—when they come to set forth, in their book of travels, an account of the *State of Society* in Cincinnati.

The truth is, if there is any ground of offence in the case, the good people of these parts have, undoubtedly, the best reason to feel insulted,—when such notable personages think proper to scour over the country, without even embracing the opportunities which accidentally present themselves, for obtaining a personal knowledge of the Inhabitants, as well as of the soil over which they are hastening!—Were they afraid of discovering aught in the manners or conversation of our Backwoodsmen that would lay them under the painful necessity of contradicting, on their return, some of the slanderous scurrilities so often heaped on us in Reviews and Travels?—or have they imbibed in their classical studies at Oxford (from whence, it is said, they have recently issued) too sovereign a contempt for the unlettered *moderns* of the West, to think of wasting even *their hours* of idleness in the cultivation of their acquaintance?

Be it one or the other—or neither—of these, however, it is certain that the Gentlemen spent several days in Cincinnati, and its vicinity;—and,

that some of our citizens, who felt disposed to exercise their accustomed civility towards them—(not doubting but they were worthy of notice, and anxious to study the intellectual as well as the agricultural and commercial character of the Americans)—were discouraged from so doing, by their informing a fellow-countryman, that it was neither their object nor *desire* to cultivate any acquaintance with the citizens of Cincinnati.

It will be acknowledged that this report, whether accurate or embellished, was enough to stop the progress of any contemplated hospitality;—and, if true to the letter—as they seem to admit—then, (no matter how justifiable may have been their motives, since they did not think proper to reveal them),—it will hardly be denied that the experiment upon our self-love was followed by as courteous a retort as could well have been expected, in the jocular paragraph in which we lately referred to them, under the head of 'Our Social Relations.'

To shew, however, that we entertain no malice on the score of their intemperate note—if, indeed, it be not a *hoax* from some of the wags of Louisville—we have inserted the very favorable notice taken of them in a late Boston paper,—which, it is to be hoped, will prove a *balsam* for any soreness they may feel under the good-natured gibes of the Literary Gazette.

As this may fall into the hands of some who have not seen the original, we subjoin a reprint of the unfortunate little article referred to.

"We have also had a flying visit from four or five distinguished Foreigners; but in consequence, it is said, of their having expressed a disinclination to be troubled by any Backwoods civilities, they have been suffered, by our citizens, to depart, unmolested, for the South. It is to be expected that they will be able to give the British Parliament, (of which some of them are understood to be members) a very satisfactory account of the 'Abrogation' of the West,—from the pains thus taken to become acquainted with them!"

The LECTURE, this evening, in the WESTERN MUSEUM, will be on Reptiles:—in continuation of Mr. Dorseuille's course on Natural History.

MARRIED, LATELY:

Dan Stone, Esq.—to Miss A. Farnsworth.
Jonathan Hopper,—to Miss A. E. Marsh.
Alexander Mayhew,—to Miss R. Hawthorn.
Charles Fox, Esq.—to Miss Mary Miller.

Political Summary.

War at Guatemala.—We have conversed with a gentleman who left Truxillo Sept. 7, who corroborates the intelligence received at New York, relative to the Civil War in Grenada and the province of Guatemala. He states that a massacre of all the whites had taken place at Leon, amounting to 110 men, women, and children—and that the communication with the interior, and Truxillo, was cut off. The cause of these unhappy commotions was supposed to arise from the ambition of a few Creoles, who were desirous to crush the Government, and place every individual on an equality as relates to property. An

indiscriminate plunder of all the property of the whites took place. Affairs wore a most dismal aspect, business of all kinds was at a stand at Truxillo, no money or produce. An American schooner from New York was at St. John's—cargo gone up the Lake—and fears were entertained for its safety.

Bost. Palladium.

A private letter from Geneva states, that Count Capo d'Istria has received intelligence of a grand naval victory gained on the 7th Sept. over the Egyptian squadron, by the Greek fleet, in the vicinity of the isle of Amorgos. The Egyptians have lost several frigates, and a great number of transports.

Among other rumors from the Turkish capital, are the following: It is said that two Hassagis have been despatched to put the Captain Pacha to death. This Admiral caused the commander of a frigate that was burnt to be beheaded, notwithstanding that he had a strong reputation as a mariner. The Capuden Bey has also been beheaded by the same Admiral's orders.

A severe earthquake is said to have taken place at Jerusalem, which has destroyed great part of that city, shaken down the mosque of Omar, and reduced the Holy Sepulchre to ruins, from top to bottom.

A letter from Constantinople, of the 17th September, states, that the triumph of the Jannisaries in that capital has been complete. It is also said that the Mufti had been deposed, and great apprehensions were entertained for the Egyptian fleet, as the Greeks attack with such extraordinary intrepidity. But, what is more alarming to the Porte is the renewal of hostilities on the part of the Persians. According to official intelligence, Prince Mehemet Ali has made himself master of Sulimania, and threatens Bagdad. The Persian army is more numerous than ever, and this fresh storm cannot fail to increase the embarrassment of the Porte. The Pacha of Sillistria will have the command in chief upon the frontier of Turkey.

The Government of the Porte has peremptorily ordered the Barbary powers to furnish a certain number of ships of war, to join the Captain Pacha. The Dey of Algiers, who at the beginning of the summer, could not furnish his contingent, has been given to understand that it must be coming, forthwith. The Dey, it will be borne in mind, has been embroiling himself with sundry of the smaller European powers. It is now said, that the English Minister at Constantinople has obtained a Firman, positively enjoining all the Barbary powers to refrain from hostilities towards European vessels.

Letters from Athens announce that actions of no great importance are almost daily fought, in Attica, to the advantage of the Greeks. A Pacha at the head of several thousand men, was lately attacked at Thermopylae, and was obliged to retire, with loss. A more important engagement lately took place at Marathon, and the Mussulmen were defeated. The artillery, baggage, and military chest, fell into the hands of the victors.—The number killed and wounded on both sides is not precisely known; but it is stated that Omar Pacha, the Bey of Caristo, is among the prisoners of the Greeks.

The London journals are far from concurring in all the studied ridicule of the London Courier in relation to the reception of Lafayette in this country. The last number of the London Magazine has this language on the subject:

Nat. Gas.

"Having just detailed the fate of one ambi-

tious enemy (Iturbide) to the cause of freedom, we turn with pleasure to the contrast which the arrival of the friend of freedom in the same hemisphere produces. We might fill an entire number with the compliments paid to General Lafayette on his landing in America. The whole population received him with open arms: and his progress through the country has been one continued triumph. The account of his meeting with the few surviving soldiers of the Revolutionary War is peculiarly affecting. Lafayette seems to be considered in fact as the guest of the whole nation—a nation of which he may be said to be one of the parents. What, and how enviable, now must be his sensations! A few years since he found her a pretty province, struggling fearfully, but almost hopelessly, against oppression he now revisits her, free and flourishing, a mighty nation, likely to retrieve and transmit all that is valuable amongst men! How much better and nobler would it be to have died attempting this, than to have lived and achieved the enterprise of Iturbide! As their objects have been different so happily has been their success."

The commercial house of Firbrace, Davidson, & Co. at Havre, has failed for thirteen millions of francs, in consequence of unsuccessful speculations in sugar.

It is said that the day fixed upon for the coronation of the King of France, is May 3, the anniversary of his late Majesty's return to Paris.

The Discovery Ships of Capt. Parry, were spoken on the 17th of July, in lat. 70. long. 5. The season in the higher northern latitudes had been very fine, and the whalers think Capt. P. has had a successful summer.

LITERARY AND Scientific Notices.

The Memoirs of Dr. Antommarchi, relative to the last moments of Napoleon, were to appear in London in the course of the present month. Also, the fourth and last *livraison* of Napoleon's *Historical Memoirs*. Also, the first volume of the Lectures of Sir Astly Cooper on the Principles and Practice of Surgery.

The Committee appointed by the citizens of New York to adopt measures for the erection of a statue of Washington, have ascertained and reported that an Equestrian Statue in Bronze, can be completed for the sum of forty thousand dollars in a style worthy of the object.

Dramatic.—The fate of Iturbide has already been seized by an English playwright as the subject of a drama, which is now in preparation at the Royal Coburg Theatre, London. Great attention is to be paid to scenic propriety; and for this purpose, much care has been taken to procure accurate drawings of Mexican landscape.

Dr. M'Henry's novels have been successively republished in London. "O'Halloran" appears to have attracted much attention.

The last number of the Edinburgh Review affirms, that there is not, in any part of India, above one European to fifty thousand natives. Proportional is the disparity in favour of European civilization and science.

It is an interesting fact, that of the twenty thousand children, whose names have been registered on the books of the common or public schools of the state of New York, but one of them has been traced to a criminal court of justice, charged with an offence. A glorious instance of the effect of education in the improvement of morals in a land of free institutions.

POETRY.

Original.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

After the manner of Langhorne.

What time the morning breezes blow,
Ere yet the dews are dried away,
Ere the sun sparkles on the mead,
Or shoots from eastern hills his ray;—

My Estelle wandered down the vale,
Estelle, the village boast and pride,—
Bending with eager joy her course,
To the clear streamlet's flow'ry side.

She saw the rippling waters flow,
Breathed the rich sweetness of the air,
Gazed on the rugged mountain's brow,
And the gay clouds which wantoned there.

A *Morning-glory* blossomed near,
Which caught her gladly roving eye;
She viewed it opening to the morn,
And watched its pale-blue modest dye.

Pensive, the humble flowret hung,
And turned its bosom to the east;
The sun shot forth a warmer ray,
And drank the dew-drop from its breast.

Of life-sustaining moisture reft,
It droop'd beneath that fervid ray:
Faint, languid,—soon, like beauty doomed
To close in death its little day.

Estelle, to nature's softest touch,
To all her sweetest feelings, true;
Eyed the fast-fading flower of morn,
And heaved the sigh to pity due.

"Why turns my flow'ret to the sun,
Which drinks its vital powers away?
"Why seek not cool, refreshing shades,
"And shun the life-destroying ray?

"Why fades thy little life so soon?
"Fleeting as mists before the gale;
"Born but to die, like early dews,
"Which from thy velvet leaves exhale?

"Is there in ocean, or in air,
"Or through creation's wide domain,
"A fish, an insect, or a flow'r,
"By holy nature made in vain?

"Yet, wherefore dost thou blossom here,
"And only blossom but to die?"
—Soft as the music of the sphere,
Thus sweetly fell the mild reply.

"I seek the sun at nature's call,
"And firmly duty's path pursue;
"No fear could swerve me from her course,
"Though pain—nay death itself, ensue.

"What though I'm fleeting as the morn,
"And quickly to oblivion hurled;—
"This truth I teach—go tell to man,
"So fades the GLORY of the World!"

It spoke no more.—Too soon it felt
The killing influence of the day:
Chaste from the stem its petals dropped,
And on the gale were borne away.

J. D. F.

TO JUAN.

Yes, take the harp!—'twill soothe to hear
E'en strains that wake the deepest feeling;
Yes, take the harp,—though many a tear
In silent agony is stealing.

Thy *Orphean* touch such magic knows,
E'en Sorrow's self were changed to Pleasure;
And hearts which heave with saddest woes,
Responsive yield a livelier measure.

Thy seraph-Love, charmed from her sphere,
Hangs 'raptured on thy melting strain;
Lo, her pure spirit hov'ring near,
To catch the sacred sounds again!

Then sweep the silver chords, and fling
Soft melody upon the ear;—
Yes, sweep the chords,—such numbers bring,
As list'ning angels love to hear!

EURYDICE.

Selected.

LINES,

Written near Richmond, upon the Thames, at Evening.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

If Wordsworth had always written thus, he would
never have been charged with either childish-
ness or affectation.

How rich the wave, in front, imprest
With evening-twilight's summer hues,
While facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent path pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past so smiling!
And still perhaps with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterer beguiling.
Such views the youthful bard allure,
But heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
'Till peace go with him to the tomb.
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?
Glide gently thus, for ever glide,
O Thames! that other Bards may see,
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
Oh glide, fair stream! for ever so;
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
'Till all our minds for ever flow,
As thy deep waters now are flowing.
Vain thought! yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a Poet's heart,—
How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Such heart did once the Poet bless,
Who, pouring here a **later ditty*,

* Collins's Ode on the Death of Thomson, the
last written, I believe, of the poems which were
published during his life time. This ode is also
alluded to in the next stanza.

Could find no refuge from distress,
But in the milder grief of pity.
Remembrance! as we glide along,
For him suspend the dashing oar,
And pray that never child of song
May know his freezing sorrows more.
(How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!
—The evening darkness closes round
By virtue's holiest powers attended.

LOVE.—FROM THE IMPROVISATRICE.

They loved; they were beloved. Oh, happiness!
I have said *all* that can be said of bliss,
In saying that they loved. The young heart has
Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild pulse:
And it is love that works the mine, and brings
Its treasure to the light. I did love once,
Loved as youth—woman—Genius loves: tho' now
My heart is chill'd and sear'd, and taught to wear
That falsest of false things—a mask of smiles;
Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
Of that which has been! Love is like the glass,
That throws its own rich colour over all,
And makes all beautiful. The morning looks
Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red:
And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,
When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page
Bearing the poet's words of love: and then
The twilight walk, when the linked arms can feel
The beating of the heart; upon the air
There is a music never heard but once,—
A light the eyes can never see again;
Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
And every song and tale that breathe of love
Seem echoes of the heart.

ENIGMA.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth! 'twas an awful day!
And though, in that old age of sport,
The rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray—
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

My *first* to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My *next*, with her cold and quiet cloud,
To those who find their dewy shroud,
Before to-day's be done!
And *both* together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies!

CHARADE.

Old, but excellent.

My *first* does affliction denote—
Which my *second* is destined to feel:
And the *WHOLE* is a sweet antidote,
That affliction to soothe, and to heal.

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